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TRUE MEN STORIES

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STARK HAMMERSMITH**VOLUME 14, NUMBER 1**
DECEMBER 1971

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TRUE MEN STORIES, Volume 14, Number 1, December 1971, is published bi-monthly by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 281 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018. Single copy, 50¢; subscription rate, \$3.00 per year. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts, photos or cartoons, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts, photos or cartoons accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative, HAMMOND MEDIA CORP., 120 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Printed in the U.S.A.

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The wild, frenzied mobs went in for rape as well as murder. For three horrifying days, no woman was safe anywhere.

New York's Day Of Blood

2,000 bodies littered the streets on this day of infamy!

by CARSON PAUL

THE ODDS WEREN'T exactly even when the howling mob attacked the Third Avenue Armory in New York that hot July afternoon in 1863. There were ten thousand and rabid men and women in the streets, and only thirty-two policemen inside.

For over an hour the rioters had been battering the building with bricks and paving stones, shouting and brandishing weapons of every description. There were sledge hammers and crowbars, pieces of pipe and bars of iron, clubs and swords, and a few old muskets and pistols. The ragged streetwalkers who made up a part of the mob had armed themselves too. Some carried

butcher knives and scissors; others had fire tongs and toasting forks—anything that would serve as a weapon.

It was "Bloody Monday," the 13th of July, the first day of the Civil War draft riots in New York City. By a strange coincidence, the next day was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the Fall of the Paris Bastille to a bloody mob of revolutionists. It was only by the merest chance that Manhattan did not suffer the same fate. What the city did suffer was bad enough by any standards, but it could have been much worse.

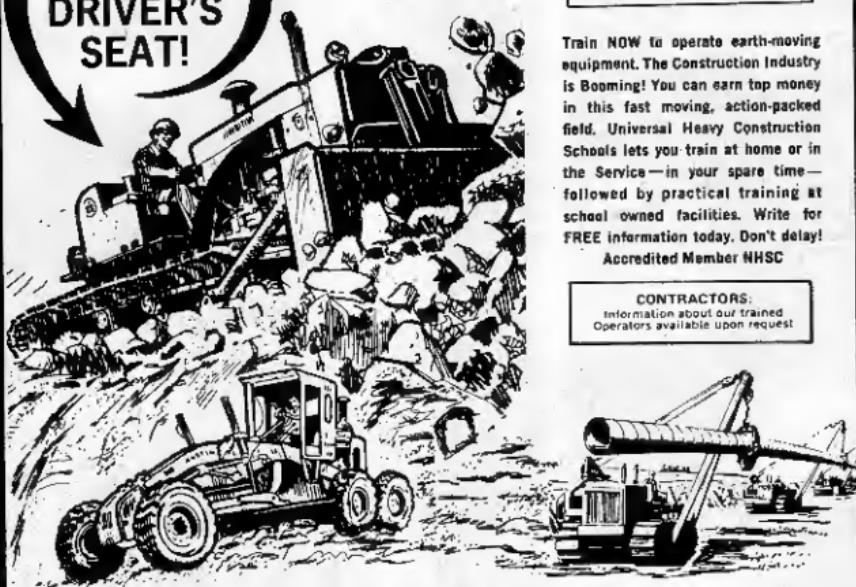
What the mob was after were the 4000 carbines and 200,000 rounds of ammunition stored in the armory. With these they

(Continued on page 12)

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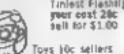
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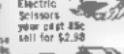
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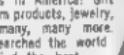
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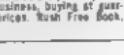
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New York's Day Of Blood

could wipe out the entire police force and take over the city in a reign of terror.

The thirty-two besieged defenders of the armory were members of the famous Broadway Squad led by Sergeant Burdick. They had relieved a smaller squad of patrolmen that afternoon, at two o'clock, when several hundred people had started to crowd around the armory. Armed with carbines in addition to their regular locust nightsticks and revolvers, the police had taken up their stand near the windows. By four o'clock the mob had grown to tremendous proportions and it was obvious that the attack would soon begin in earnest.

Suddenly a giant of a man ran from the crowd to the main door of the armory and began smashing at it with a sledge hammer. A panel gave way, and another man, eager to be the first to enter, started to crawl through the opening. He was immediately shot through the head by a policeman. This sobered the mob for a moment and it fell back. But soon a wave of men surged forward and began battering at the door with sledges, crowbars and tree trunks. Sergeant Burdick saw that the building could not be defended, and that once the door was breached he and his men would be overpowered by sheer weight of numbers. They might be able to shoot down dozens of attackers, but it was certain that not one of the police would be alive afterwards.

Since it was equally impossible to fight their way through the mob out in front, the only means of escape was through the rear, where the rioters were guarding the exit with only a few men. The exit itself—if it could be called that—was nothing more than a hole in the rear wall about eighteen inches by twelve inches, with an eighteen-foot drop to the alley below. Every man in the Broadway Squad was well over six feet tall and weighed more than two hundred pounds. But somehow each one managed to squeeze through the hole and drop to the ground. There they had to climb a path through the mob's rear-guard, which was rapidly being reinforced as word of the breakout was shouted around the building. Burdick and all his men finally made it to the Eighteenth Precinct station house on Twenty-second Street, leaving behind them some dead rioters and many with broken heads and smashed faces. But within an hour the station house, too, was attacked and burned, and they had to flee to Police Headquarters on Mulberry Street.

The mob rushed into the armory as soon as the main door was broken down. There were a few guns on the first floor, but the bulk of them were stored in the drill room on the third floor. While some stayed below to loot what ever was at hand, hundreds of others ran upstairs and began pulling carbines out of the racks and filling their pockets with cartridges. Thinking that the police would return at any minute, the rioters barricaded the door to the drill room. This, as it turned out later, was a fatal mistake.

While all of this had been going on, two detachments of police had been engaged in open street warfare with

different mobs on Second Avenue and farther up on Third. After beating their way through the crowds, they finally joined forces to form a group of over a hundred men, and advanced upon the mob that was still milling around in front of the armory. By using their heavy nightsticks on anything that stood in their way, they opened a path to the battered-in door, where they lined up four deep.

At word of the police arrival, most of the rioters on the lower floor of the armory rushed outside to help fight them off. Meanwhile, upstairs in the still-barricaded drill room, hundreds of others were loading themselves down with as much of the looted munitions as they could carry. As the men came out of the building they had to run the gauntlet of the police lines, where they were beaten down like rats by the falling clubs.

At the same time, some of the rioters thought the police would retake the armory and to prevent this they set fire to various parts of the building. Soon the entire first floor was ablaze, and as the structure was wooden and very old, the under-dry flooring and walls hurried the flames along almost as fast as a train of black powder. Those who ran out of the building now were not clubbed down unless they were carrying carbines, and then they were beaten unmercifully.

As the flames rose, the rioters in the drill room tried to escape, but the door had been barricaded so well it was some time before it could be opened. A few managed to get out before the floor collapsed, but most of them were tumbled into the fiery pit below. A good many rushed in panic to the windows and jumped. Those who were not killed instantly were horribly maimed.

THIS WAS the first major crisis that was met and passed in the bloody four days of lawlessness which history has called the New York draft riots. It is true that the rioting started because of the conscription of troops for the Union Army under the recently passed Enrollment Act, but the vicious city-wide anarchy that immediately followed the first outbreaks was due to entirely different causes. It was the criminal element in New York that was responsible for the wholesale arson, looting, murder and rape that went on in all parts of the city. At the time, it was estimated that the population of known criminals was as high as seventy to eighty thousand, most of them foreign-born and living in filthy, crowded dens in the Bowery on the East Side and around the notorious Five Points area. Such gangs as the Dead Rabbits, the Plug Uglies, the Honeymoon Gang, the Huds-n-Dusters, the Bowery Boys, the Atlantic Guards, and many more had for years been brawling among themselves when they were not engaged in the criminal pursuits. Only six years before, also in July, there had been a pitched battle between several of the Five Points and Bowery gangs which went on for three days. Until now, the fighting and robbery and murder of these gangs had been restricted to their own slum neighborhoods. This was the

first time their terrorizing attacks had been unleashed upon the city as a whole.

The rioting that began at ten o'clock on the morning of July 13th at the Ninth Ward enrollment house on the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Third Avenue was just what the gangs had been waiting for. They rushed out of the slums by the thousands and joined the already large mob of protest that had gathered wherever the drawing of names for the draft was being carried on. There was widespread resentment against the draft among the laborers because New York's quota had been set too high and also because of the \$300-exemption under which the rich could buy their way out of service. There was also considerable resentment among the foreign-born population, against Negroes; first, because they were held to be somehow responsible for the war, and second, because they had moved into the city in large numbers during the past few years and taken over a great many jobs. The original mobs of draft objectors were probably responsible for the burning and sacking of the enrollment offices in both the Ninth and Eighth wards, and some of the attacks on Negroes and their homes. But now the gangs moved in and took over command of the rioters, inciting them to further fury and violence. During the second day of rioting and thereafter, the mobs were made up almost exclusively of gang members, many of them former sworn enemies, who now fought together against the law.

It was the gang leaders, of course, who planned the attack on the Third Avenue Armory and schemed to capture the entire city, including all the banks and even the Sub-Treasury building! With most of the militia away and only small garrisons of Union troops available from Governor's Island and the other harbor forts, they knew that once they overpowered the police Manhattan Island would be in their hands.

After the fiasco at the armory, the mob turned to the Union Steam Works, which had been converted to a munitions factory and where an almost equally large supply of arms was stored in cases, ready for shipment to the Union Army. Once again they defeated a relatively small police guard and gained possession of enough weapons and ammunition to carry out their plans. But again, for some unexplained reason, instead of opening the cases and distributing the carbines, they set up a garrison of some five hundred rioters inside to guard them against future use.

An emergency force of around two hundred Metropolitan police was sent out from headquarters under the command of Inspector Dilks. After fighting their way through the streets for over an hour, they finally reached the rebel stronghold where began a terrific hand-to-hand battle that was fought foot by foot through the hallways and step by step up the narrow stairs of the building. The nightsticks of the police ran with blood and the rooms and halls were littered with dead and dying before they regained the still almost untouched cases of arms and ammunition. The fight was carried to the very roof of the building, where many rioters were clubbed to death and others thrown to the sidewalk below, which was already covered with casualties from the earlier battle. *(Continued on page 45)*

MEET HELGA

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DID YOU KNOW THAT...

SON OF A GUM

They raise 'em rough in London, England. A mother recently told a probation officer in that city about her 15-year-old son, who tells his parents when to go to bed; locks up the house at night; orders his meals served in a separate room; opens his father's mail; tells his mother not to speak to him unless spoken to. But, the mother protested, the only reason the boy played hooky from school was because "he's a slob."

VALID EXCUSE

Also in England, where justice is usually tempered with sound common sense, Albert Pastore explained to the judge that the reason he fled the scene of an accident involving his car was because, while driving with another woman, he spotted his wife in the street and his instinct warned him to put distance between the two girls. The charge was dismissed.

JUST PASSING BY

An upright householder in Memphis, Tennessee, was a bit surprised one day when a car shot off the road, into his house, through the wall, and came to rest in his living room. "Why don't you forget the whole thing," shouted the motorist as he rose from his wrecked auto. "It was just an accident!"

"DO UNTO OTHERS"

A Bible salesman, in Terre Haute, Indiana, complained angrily to the police that a rival seller of the Book had assaulted him and thrown him out of



his hotel, in an attempt to muscle into his territory.

FULL CREDIT

Charles Stearn of El Paso, Texas, insisted on complete accuracy, during his trial on charges of stealing an automobile. He refused to plead guilty to stealing a Cadillac, until the charge was changed to read "Cadillac Coupe

de Ville," explaining haughtily that he never bothered with anything but the very best.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

In Oklahoma City, Robert Simms Popejoy strolled casually into a restaurant, surveyed the scene with a grand air, idled over to one of the booths, sidled up to another customer and blandly took a bite from the patron's hamburger. The result—a \$7

LONGEVITY FORMULA

In Windsor, Ontario, Captain Wellington B. Shearer, late of the Great Lakes



shipping circles, recently celebrated his 107th birthday. In reply to a request for his prescription for a long life, he replied, "I drank plenty of whisky, and smoked all the black cigars I wanted. I still do when they'll give them to me."

SIDE YOUR TIME

Giovanni Petrini, 80-year-old resident of Turin, Italy, recently received an official letter from the Italian Army. When he opened it, with trembling hands, he read that his promotion to sergeant, first recommended back in 1906, had finally been approved.

IT AIN'T NO TRICK

In Baltimore, Maryland, James Hipsey, 69 years old, was brought to court on a vagrancy charge. Asked by the judge if he had a job, he answered, "No, I live off the city." "How do you do that?" asked the judge, as he handed Hipsey a three-month sentence. As Hipsey was being led away, he shouted back his reply. "This is how!"

COULD BE

Patrice W. Green, 20-year-old Baltimore resident, was finally awarded a divorce after she testified that a private detective, shadowing her errant husband, had trailed the spouse and another woman to a movie theater. The

bill featured, "This Could Be The Night" Any questions?

WHO'S SCARED

In Bellflower, California, 27-year-old truck driver, Lon F. Allen was explaining exactly why he had tried to run down a highway patrolman. "I wanted to prove that I was not afraid of a policeman."

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT

Donald J. Dalman, 40, of Chicago, Illinois, was recently convicted of forgery and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. It seems that he had gotten into the habit of writing phony checks on a check writing machine that he had won in a poker game.

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT

In Tel Aviv, Israel, Moshe Tabatsnik wanted more time in which to pay his income tax. The request was denied. So, Mr. Tabatsnik, now under the threat of court proceedings, went to the Tax Collector's office and set fire to the files. He was successful in destroying more than 500 returns and records—but he failed to burn his own.

GET A HORSE

In Minot, North Dakota, a riderless horse got loose one day. In the course



of its mad dash through the town, it ran smack into Warren Melby's 1957 Chevrolet taxicab at a main intersection. The cab suffered more than \$400 damage. The horse, only a small leg cut.

IT'S FATE

Dr. C. H. Robertson, scheduled to give a major address in Springfield, Ohio, to the meeting of the National Food Associates, was forced to call off his appearance. It seems that the good doctor was confined to his bed. He was suffering from a case of food poisoning.



This blonde from Molly's boat knew that we boys in the South Pacific needed more than just letters from home. And she came to give us what we needed.

In their floating
bordello, redheaded
Molly Ryan and her
fifty girl hustlers
brought the "comforts"
of home to our sex
starved fighting men
on the islands of
the South Pacific!

"You came to the right place," Molly told the officer. "We heard how lonely you boys are out here. We came to lend you a hand—at thirty bucks a hustle."

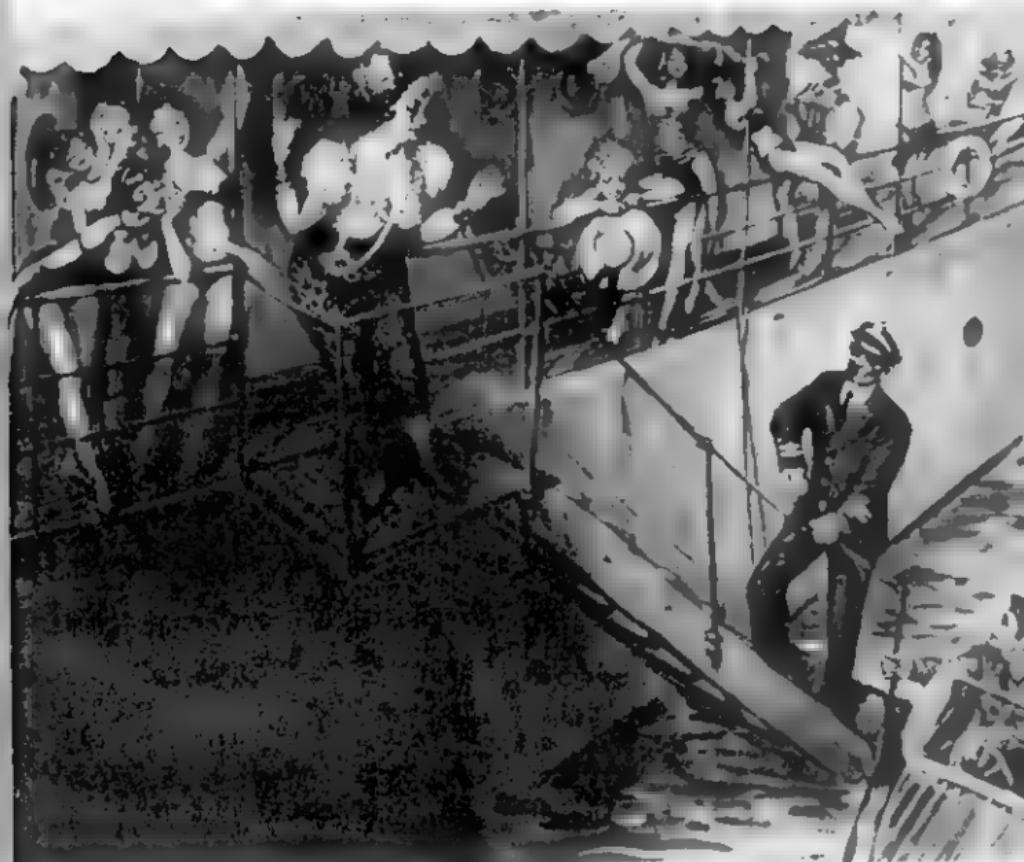
by L. J. ARNOLD

THE RUSTY looking motorship hove to in the greasy swells under the guns of the U.S. destroyer. She looked like a harmless three island tramp—the kind they used to build in Glasgow. She didn't look like the kind of ship to give the U.S. Navy trouble—but she was.

The JG in charge of the boarding party pulled himself up the Jacob's ladder and over the rail. He had a speech all prepared, but he soon forgot it when he saw the women standing on the deck of the old motorboat. There must have been about fifty of them, and the big redhead in filmy black-mesh stockings and little else seemed to be the boss. "Glad to have you aboard, sailor," she said. "Me and the girls have been getting lonely."

The J.G. gulped (*Continued on page 18*)

THE WW II CRUISE OF THE SHIP OF SEX



and he felt his face turning red. Behind him, the bosun's mate whistled between his buck teeth and said, "Oh, my aching back. It's true! Them dog-faced didn't make it up!"

The J.G. said, "Which one of you, er, ladies, is Moily Ryan?"

"That's me, sailor boy," laughed the red head, "What's on your dirty little mind, as if I didn't know?" The girls on deck tittered and one said, "He's kinda cute. I might take him home to raise."

"I'm here on official U.S. Navy business!" sputtered the red faced J.G. Behind him, he could hear his men snickering. Moily Ryan grinned and nearly threw a hip out of joint putting her foot on the hatch cover. The J.G. was sweating more than the hot sun over the Philippine Sea called for. He hadn't seen a white woman in eighteen months and the curves on that red headed bitch were better than he'd been dreaming about. And he'd been dreaming as hard as he could. Ritting a brace he repeated his statement that he and his men were there on business.

"You've come to the right place, dearie!" the red head laughed. "This here's the finest collection of business women this side of Pearl Harbor."

"You admit that you're running a . . .

a floating brothel?"

"Admit it? Hell, junior, I'm advertising it! By now, every goddam gyrene, swabby, and dog-faced within five hundred miles knows me and the girls are anchored here. We're counting on it!"

"That's what I'm here for. You and your girls will have to leave this area. Orders of the Admiral."

"Orders of the Admiral, eh hand-some? I can tell you what you can do with the Admiral."

"You don't understand!" sputtered the J.G. "This is a war zone. You can't come sailing in here with a ship load of . . ."

"Why not, Sonny? We're not hurting anybody. We're here to help! Me and the girls heard about how you boys out here in the islands were suffering from a rare tropical disease. We pooled our loot, chartered this garbage scow, and came out here to see if we couldn't do something. At thirty bucks a tussle!"

"But it's illegal!"

"The hell you say, junior! We're anchored three miles off the nearest island. Our ship is on the high seas—subject only to the laws of the country she's registered with. The banana republic whose proud flag waves from our fan-tail, junior, does not have any laws against prostitution. In fact, it's

one of the leading industries of Nuevo Granada. You go back and tell your Admiral he'd better watch his step. Stopping a neutral vessel in time of war is a serious matter."

The J.G.'s shoulders sagged. He was a beaten man and he knew it.

"Let's go, men." He said, turning towards the Jacobs ladder.

The mate said, "Sir, we was supposed to bring them in under our guns for trial, remember?"

"Look, Saunders," the officer sighed, "I'm only a lousy J.G., not a sea lawyer. I'm tossing this right back in the old man's lap."

Molly called after him, "Why don't you come back out here tonight after duty, honey. I might give you a discount."

The J.G. and his men silently climbed down into the launch without answering. Molly turned to a tall blonde in a red panty girdle and snickered. "What'll you bet he comes back?"

MOLLY RYAN knew what she was talking about. he wasn't her first run in with the U.S. Navy. And it wouldn't be her last. She had the Army worried too. And neither one of them could figure out just what to do about her. There wasn't a hell of a lot they could do.



Molly Ryan was born in Butte, Montana, shortly after the first World War. By the time the second one broke out, she'd done time for hustling in half the states in the Union.

Since her native country didn't appreciate her talents, Molly drifted south of the border with a traveling man named Slippery Jim Wilson who ditched her in Central America.

This didn't bother Molly half as much as it should have. Two things helped to ease the pain of slippery Jim's betrayal. One, there was a large U.S. air base nearby and two, her business was perfectly legal in that country.

She and a half Indian babe named Lolita Ramirez set up a man killing crib house a few miles from the base. In no time they were rich.

Nobody knows to this day whether Uncle Sam pulled out his boys from that base because of strategy or to save them from being ruined for life. Lolita drifted up to Panama City with a bag of tricks that would have startled the Marquis De Sade. She became a legend in her own right as the infamous "Tiger Lady" of Panama City.

Molly Ryan, a more fair seeing type of hustler, saw what was coming ahead of time and organized a syndicate to charter the *Minnie Ha Ha*. Shrewdly, Molly had known what the boys in the Pacific needed more than letters from home. And she knew there'd be a hell of a profit in bringing it to them.

The *Minnie Ha Ha* would heave anchor three miles off shore from an Army or Navy base and send a boatload of half naked girls ashore for provisions. From then on, it went smooth as silk. With all that meat and no potatoes a lousy three miles away, the boys didn't waste time getting out to the ship. A hell of them actually swam it.

On some islands, the brass was cooperative. The officers were human too, after all, and couldn't very well say anything about the men visiting a ship they patronized themselves.

On other islands, the brass played it stuffy. They'd try to drive the *Minnie Ha Ha* away and, if that didn't work, place it off limits.

It slowed business down some. It never seemed to stop it. To keep a place off limits, the men watching it have to mean business. The M.P.'s and Shore Patrol boys hadn't seen any girls since stateside either. They were too busy taking advantage of Molly's special discount to Shore Patrol and M.P. personnel to bother about the other guys who got out to the steamer one way or another.

So, thumbing her nose at the U.S. Navy, the *Minnie Ha Ha* went her merry way from island to island, just stopping long enough in her errand of mercy to relieve the garrisons of their tropical diseases and paralysis.

Desperate theatre commanders sent frantic messages to Washington. There had to be some law the *Minnie Ha Ha* was breaking! In the Pentagon, lights burned overtime as legal eagles poured through volumes of forgotten sea laws. Try as they might, they couldn't find a



If the Island Command were lenient, Molly and her girls brought their professional skills ashore. Officers, of course, had first pick.

statute on the books that would allow the navy to seize the *Minnie Ha Ha*.

Molly figured she had a good thing running for herself and the girls. As long as the war lasted, they were going to just keep hauling in the dough. But Molly forgot one thing. The U.S. Army and Navy might have respect for international law. The boys on the other side didn't. As far as the guys who sailed under the banner of the rising meat ball were concerned, international law was for suckers.

MOLLY AND the girls had stayed out of the Jap's way. With U.S. Service men spread all over the South Pacific, it was a simple matter to keep away from the battle lines. At least, that's what they thought. Molly had a war map in her cabin with the combat zones marked off in red ink. The *Minnie Ha Ha* always stayed on the safe side of the red lines. But there was one thing wrong with that idea. The Japs didn't have the same lines drawn on their maps. Sailing up the Leyte Gulf, shortly after the landings in the South Philippines, the *Minnie Ha Ha* ran smack into a destroyer escort, shepherding a convoy of Jap troopships.

The bridge officer on the Jap destroyer was as nervous as a tom cat with turpentine under his tail. He could see the neutral flag waving over the stern of the *Minnie Ha Ha*. But flags are easy to fake and the Jap Navy was running scared.

Frothing between her teeth, the Jap escort vessel cut between the convoy and the *Minnie Ha Ha*. When Molly's skipper, sure of his immunity from either side, didn't alter course, the Jap destroyer put a shot across her bows.

A minute later, the startled Jap officer was rubbing his eyes. Handing his binoculars to his exec, he said, "Take a look at this, Namura. Either I've been at sea too long or the deck of that ship is swarming with naked women!" "It's a Yankee tritik!" shouted the exec as he swept the deck of the *Minnie Ha Ha* with the glasses. Started by the shots, Molly's girls had come boiling up out of their cabin in various states of undress.

"What could they be trying to pull?" stammered the bridge officer.

"Who knows what those round eyed devils are thinking? Sink them, before they get any closer!"

"Forward turret, fire all guns!" the bridge officer shouted. A thundering salvo of HE leaned the *Minnie Ha Ha* from stem to stern. They built them rugged in the Glasgow shipyards. The old motorboat went down gallantly after absorbing more shells than the Jap Navy could afford this late in the war.

But down she went, just the same, with her neutral flag still flying and not so much as a BB gun to fight back with. When it was all over, the destroyer circled through the oil slick and scattered debris.

"No survivors, sir!" sang the bosun. Curly the officers nodded. With a wry grin, the exec said, "Too bad. Now we shall never know what they were up to."

Wistfully, the bridge officer, who'd been a long time away from the Yabu-wara girls, said, "And I did no want to find out if it was true what they say about American women."

The news traveled slowly. For a long while, nobody knew what had happened. Nobody knew why Molly Ryan and her girls didn't come around anymore to relieve them of their money and tropical diseases. Then the word got around. Molly had bad time to send an SOS. when she went down and two days later the banana republic she was registered with declared war on the Japs.

Lonely men on the Pacific run got a funny look in their eyes when they thought about it. The brass might have been happy but they didn't say so. Molly had been nothing but a hard working hustler, but she'd been an honest one. No man ever got rolled on the *Minnie Ha Ha* and the girls had given them what they were paying for.

Some guys will tell you the battle of Leyte Gulf was to save the Philippines. Maybe it was. But guys who were there when the news of the *Minnie Ha Ha*'s sinking got to the fleet will still argue the point. They'll tell you the sixteen-inch shell that crashed through the bridge of the Jap flag ship had, "Remember Pearl Harbor" written on it. Maybe. But those who should know say it read, "Remember Molly Ryan!"



LIVE STAG SHOWS FOR MIXED AUDIENCES

Traveling sex shows
are pulling in
the customers to
drove all over
this puritanic
country of ours.

HORS-COURS LOTS FINS DESÉRIES



ARTHUR
MARTIN

BY BRANDON MALONE

IF SEEING IS believing, then we've invaded the world. I mean, I saw the same year and formerly Puritan country of ours—*in one of the wildest swingings of the history of his world*. No longer is it true that folks from the country and people from the farmlands and small towns are journeying to the city for their excursions into debauchery. Instead, today, it's coming to them through straight and tarnished by every inch of mass transportation known to the human

like the medicine shows of the 70's and 80's, like Lundeville in the early years of this century, like the novelties of the 20's and 30's, the exotic musical becomes a prime entertainment medium from—as the politicians used to say—the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California and all stops in between. By latest estimates more than 200 "count em" carnivals—conveyors of intimate entertainment and long land office stories. In at least 19 of the fifty states. And, in this season of snow, ice and blizzard cold, we even get to north of Alaska, we can doubtless find that the vote is actually unanimous.

Of course, these shows are such that they've always been with us, more or less equal to the red-light districts. For small extra fee those ambitious folks with these or that sort of thing could always arrange for an exhibition featuring one odd assortment of genders, the variety of mutual contortions designed to demonstrate the infinite capacity of human beings to cover reproductive methods, whether or not this actually benefited the eye informed and educated the viewer, I'm not sure, while it's doubtful that any paying patron eve-

really undertook to imitate what he saw. In some cases, she saw. It is also noteworthy that few, if any, ever left the premises without loudly announcing that the show was "great." What

really thought, not recorded.

So long as these shows remained a far and scarce in the major centers of national vice, the rest of the nation was able to sit smugly back and nobly denounce and slate. The knowledge that as soon as they had re-elected their own home town reform tickets, they could immediately rush off to wicked New York, Chicago, New Orleans or where have you, and heartily enjoy the very things which they had wished held hands in horror in their local and state.

But things, in that way, are more than anything, they're just the opposite. Today, in the big towns that are deeply engaged in cleaning things up, and the city dwellers must now turn to the country to find the very things they, formerly boasted of as moral attractions.

As an example, a recent exhibition in one of our major cities, back in audience 2000, two hundred clams apiece. While in the same night, in a town not more than 100 miles away, was enjoying a similar enterprise at no more understandable admission charge, \$5, straight. Not to mark you out the girl and boy, in the city cleared more than a couple of extra bucks. Rather, the usual production, particularly pay-offs and assorted graft, is frankly making the whole business uneconomic in the cities.

The big girls and boys may not read philosophical treatises, but they do follow dollar and cents figures admirably. So human nature being what it is, by the hundreds, they've taken to the road.

Continued on page 14



SKORZENY

The Nazi They Couldn't Beat

Nothing could daunt the ferociously daring German commando
who made a specialty of always performing the impossible!

by HENRY SALTON

THEY CALLED him "the most dangerous man in Europe." And in all probability he was. For Otto Skorzeny, in the minds of many veterans of European politics and war, was, and still is, the one and only Nazi who really deserved the title "Superman!"

He was given the most impossible assignments, and then he promptly went about proving that they could be done. He was reckless, daring, imaginative, thoroughly fearless, inquisitive, analytical and completely devoted to the myth of German invincibility. And if his country failed to win the war, it certainly wasn't because of any short-comings on his part. From the German point of view, their biggest failure was their inability to provide themselves with more than one Skorzeny.

He got his job by accident. Invalided home from the Russian front where he had been a Lieutenant of Engineers, he was assigned on his recovery to deak duty in the German War Office. He was busily stagnating there in April, 1943, when General Staff received an order from Adolph Hitler to organize a unit of "Special Troops," on the style of the British Commandos.

Headquarters was unimpressed. As far as the Junker chieftains of the Wehrmacht were concerned, old Adolph's myth of military genius had long since evaporated. They had a real war on their

hands. There wasn't time, there weren't resources to be wasted on extraneous nonsense.

Nevertheless, they had to do something. They were in no position to ignore the Fuehrer's direct order. Then somebody mentioned the young Engineer shavetail. And that was that. By nightfall he had been detailed "Chief, Special Troops!" As far as the OKW (OberKommandWehrmacht — High Command Army) was concerned, the sooner the new project was forgotten, the better.

But Skorzeny didn't know that he was supposed to be forgotten. He actually went out, recruited a cadre, organized it, trained it and even proved his claim to military genius, by cutting through miles of red tape to supply it.

In July, 1943, less than 90 days later, Hitler—who had not forgotten his order—sent for the new Commando commander. For now that the Allies had landed in Sicily, the Italian people had panicked. Marshall Badoglio had taken over the government and had arrested Il Duce. Hitler wanted his friend, "the greatest Italian since the Caesars," rescued.

In this, his first big chance, Skorzeny immediately demonstrated the vast range of his potential. He was literally a one man army. First he had to find Mussolini. The search took him all over Italy. But methodically the Lieutenant traced his quarry from Ponza Island, to (Continued on page 40)

**Olga Petersson is anything but
what she seems. A sultry brunette,
Olga hails from Norway, that land
of cold weather and colder blondes!**





OLGA FROM OSLO



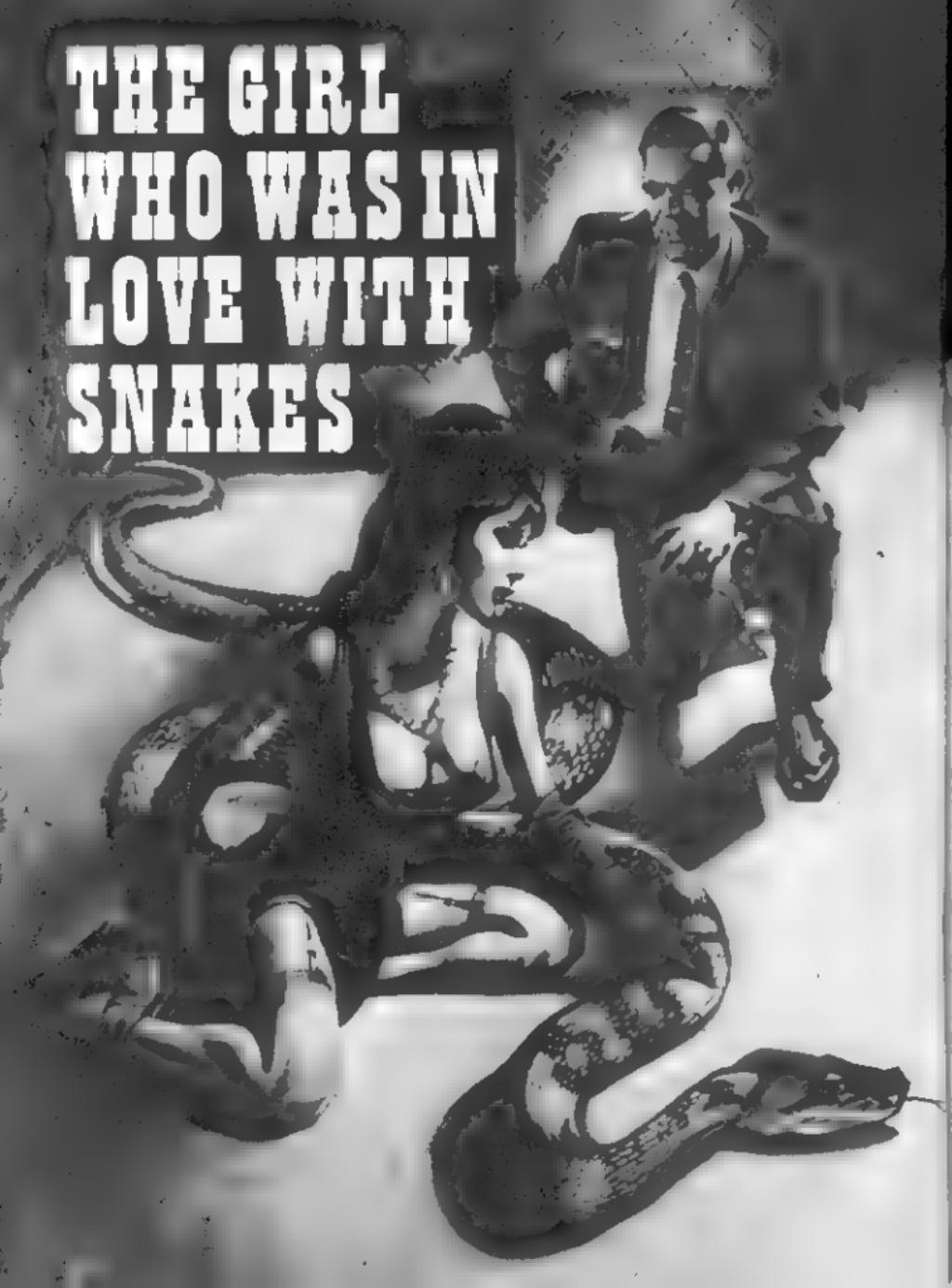


OLGA FROM OSLO

Olga, a dancer and a painter, is making good in both fields. The gal has got what it takes in all directions. Her measurements? Well, she's a divine 36-23-36".



THE GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH SNAKES





It was my fault that the 28 foot python killer was loose somewhere in the community, waiting for its first prey!

By FRANK NAYLOR

BY MIDNIGHT, August 3, the terror had gripped our county for more than eighteen hours. Houses were closed; doors double-locked. The streets were deserted save for police and sheriff's cars that prowled everywhere and the volunteer foot-patrols which searched in the bushes and trees, probing the shadowed acres with powerful flashlights.

I sat in the sheriff's office, sweating. By that time I was numb to the looks—half angry, half reproachful—that I was receiving from the worried deputies who bustled in and out of the office.

Once again, I asked Pat Leahy, the Fairfield County Sheriff, to allow me to join in the hunt.

"I can't let you out," he'd grunted. "I'm keeping you here for your own protection. The people are scared—and they're in a damned ugly mood. God knows what they might do to you if they saw you wandering around. No, Frank. You'd better stay here . . ."

I returned to the ante room and lit another cigarette. A loudspeaker was blaring out official calls. I listened to them—and my hands trembled.

"Cars 8 and 14 proceed immediately to 1690 Rowan Street. The tenants report something moving in their garden. . . . Car 9 stand by. We're getting a report from a store in area C-8 . . ."

It had been going on like that for eighteen hours—since 5:30 the previous morning, when I had drunkenly telephoned the police to report that a python was loose in Fairfield County!

The fault was mine—all mine. I should have had more sense than to do the stupid things I'd done the night before. After all, I had been dealing in snakes and small wild animals—selling them to circuses and carnivals—for years. One of the reasons authorities had allowed me to maintain my storage pens and cages in an outlying area, was that I had an excellent record for taking all possible safety precautions.

Until that bleary August morning, I'd had no trouble. I'd never "lost" an animal or snake. Not even the rhesus monkeys I sometimes had in stock—the escape-artists of the animal world—had never been able to get out of their cages.

But past performances would count for little—now that 28 feet of deadly, hungry python were loose somewhere!

The huge snake had a big head start. I'd gone into town at about 8:00 P.M., determined to have dinner in a restaurant and follow it up with a few drinks before returning home. It's something I do often, being a bachelor.

This night, things turned out a little differently, however. I was drinking in Jake Zeigler's Caravan Club bar when I bumped into Jinny, a dame I've known for a long time. We belted a few, danced a few times, and soon got pretty chummy. The idea to buy a bottle and go out to my place was her's not mine—but I wasn't about to say no.

IT WAS STILL EARLY—about 11:00—when we got there. We killed half the jug, then Jinny wanted to see the animals I switched on the floodlights out back.

I didn't have too much stock on hand—a brace of pumas, some monkeys, porcupines, foxes—small stuff. And, of course, the python. I'd gotten the snake the week before from a South American trapper. It was already sold to a carnival in Chillicothe, Ohio, but the carnie manager had asked me to hold the python for a few weeks until he was ready for it.

Jinny was fascinated by the snake. None of the other animals interested her half as much. She stood in front of the mesh-wire cage and stared at it as though hypnotized, taking sips absently from the highball glass.

"Open the cage, Frank," she pleaded, her nostrils flaring suddenly. "Please, Frank—I want to touch it . . ."

I was feeling no pain myself—otherwise I would never have done it. There wouldn't have been much danger under normal circumstances. A python is a fairly harmless brute—unless it's hungry or attacked. This one was hungry, but with the two of us—fully grown adults—it would do nothing.

At any rate, I unfastened the door to the cage and opened it. Jinny, her eyes wide and a little wild, climbed inside and stroked the great coiled

(Continued on page 46)

LESBIANISM



Psychologists claim that frigidity — fear of sex — can
best be removed by sexual contact with another woman!



A lesbian relationship is no bar to marriage or family responsibility. In Europe, the AC-DC woman is quite common.

The Answer to the Problem of FRIGID WOMEN

by NORTON McVICKERS

IF, AS IT has been reported, one out of every six women fails to find any sexual pleasure in marriage, it is indeed a shocking statistic. The human body is so broadly conditioned to the utmost limits of performance that it is absolutely impossible to put that failure down to male technique. No matter how badly a husband may act, no matter how poor his technique, it is still almost beyond conception that any normal woman could derive zero satisfaction. Little, perhaps; insufficient—probable. But none? That doesn't add up!

Yet when we look for confirming statistics from other nations, other societies, other civilizations, we find ourselves isolated. Female frigidity to a similar percentage just doesn't exist beyond our borders. Figurewise, Canada and Mexico, our immediate neighbors, don't have one tenth our problem. Western Europe has even less. And these are nations with identical backgrounds to our own, nations from whom our own American way of life originally sprang.

The fact has nothing to do with European male technique. The European marrying a native born American girl finds exactly the same percentage of failure the American does.

Therefore it's obvious that the answer must be sought in the attitudes and conditioning of the

average American girl. We can dismiss outlook, philosophy, and attitude directly. It's a physical problem we're dealing with, not a mental one. Therefore, we must examine the physiology of sex.

This is something directly related to sex and therefore must be approached carefully at the most basic sexual level. In order to do this fairly, the opinions of a number of scientists and sociologists were solicited, both in this country and abroad. Strangely enough, there was a remarkable unanimity in their general ideas, though naturally they did not agree in detail.

Dr. Helmar Alvigssen has dealt widely with similar problems in his own Scandinavian area. Here is what he has to say.

"I think your American civilization overstresses the group personality. Everyone must be made to fit closely to some fictional ideal. Your young women are under extra pressures, to date, to be the good sport, to be the (Continued on page 36)



Out along filmdom way, model Gerry Parker is known as "The Body". If you wonder why, they you had better hie yourself off to an oculist!

PARKER GIRL





The truth was that men sought sexual satisfaction with their own sex, while the gals swooned in the arms of other women. This dreadful state of affairs had resulted in a civilization dying on its feet.

**It was the most amazing
edict in all history;
"Any man found, from this
day onward, in any pose
of love, with any woman,
shall be executed. All
physical intercourse ■
now forbidden by law!"**

ONLY THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

by TEDDY SPIROS

MEN ARE MEN and women, women—thank heaven—and so long as the twain do meet, all's right with the world. At least, that's the way it's supposed to be. But then, the world is a funny place, and an awful lot can happen between the first coy smile and that long center aisle.

Now back in that pleasant land my granddaddy called home—and I do mean Greece—there's more history per square mile than you can find anywhere on earth. And Greeks being Greeks, most of it, in one way or another, concerns the art of love. For if there's anything in this old universe about love and its physical manifestations that wasn't invented by a Greek, I'd like to know what it was. Good, bad or indifferent,

we've tried it all.

The history of Greece goes back an awfully long way. But of all the great events that happened in those sea-girt hills of paradise, nothing was stranger, wilder, or more devilishly fantastic than a small historical footnote that occurred some twenty-two hundred years ago, in that village of fighting men known as Sparta. You've heard of the place, I'm sure. Not Athens—the other town they told you about in school, the ancient capital of that unpronounceable peninsula—the Peloponnesus.

Now to begin with, let me fill you in a little bit. Basically the Greeks, like Gaul, are divided into three parts—or clans. There are (Continued on page 37)

than we are to apply this method within reasonable, ethical and legal bounds. But we can say that almost any woman who is willing to ask for help can be positive of getting some relief from frigidity and in 99% of the cases can get much relief."

In commenting on all of these learned opinions, a scientist who prefers to remain anonymous said: "What it all amounts to is that American civilization and morality are at the root of our problem. We're confusing lesbianism with homosexuality and they're not the same thing at all. Interrelationships between women have been going on since the beginning of time, if not with the encouragement, certainly with the tolerance of most of the human race. It's been recognized as largely harmless. It doesn't interfere in the least with family responsibility or the bearing and rearing of children. The same thing in a male does interfere, does inhibit, does prevent family relationships. And that's the biggest difference of all. If Americans could only realize the distinction, we'd have no troubles at all."

In Europe generally the dual approach to sex is almost universal. The so-called AC-DC woman is as common as to be ordinary. No one thinks twice about her. Nor does she worry about herself. She is happy in her double life, and she is just as happy with her husband or lover as she is with her girl friend.

European literature abounds in these situations. And in these novels that mirror the actual facts of European life, the husbands are happy too. As one said, "It's better for me for her to have a girl-friend than a lover. The first I might call my partner, but the latter would definitely be a rival."

And they live just as they write. Interviews in six European countries showed that in Italy 25% of women have had some lesbian relationship; in France it was 26%; in Germany 21%; in Sweden, 27%; in Belgium 22%; and in Britain 17%. Of all the women who admitted to such acts, only 11% were not married. Of those who were married, some 93% of the husbands were completely aware of what was going on. Of the wives whose husbands did not know, nearly half stated that the act or acts had taken place in the past and there was no reason to bring it up now since they had neither the desire nor intention of pursuing such a course of action ever again.

If we compare these figures for lesbianism with those of the United States where less than 4% of women are listed as "lesbian", we might be led to believe that we were a far better and healthier nation. But two facts refute this conclusion. First surveys have shown that women admitting to one or more lesbian acts number far more than the

modest figure of 4%; and second, our frigidity frequency is almost five times higher than that of our nearest rival and better than twelve times higher than the world average. In the Orient, frigidity is not even admitted. Among savage, uncivilized peoples it isn't even known.

Some authorities have pointed out that in a number of these nations, areas and tribes, polygamy is universally practiced quite openly. And in family units where there are many wives to each husband, lesbian relationships between these multiple wives is just about universal. Frigidity and harem life don't go together.

Now this doesn't mean that an ordinary American woman, by entering a casual lesbian relationship will improve or increase her sexual responsiveness. The human mind and the human being aren't that simple. There is a definite and close relationship between community outlook, and national morality as against sexuality. The fears, worries and guilt feelings that such a relationship would inevitably develop would do far more harm than good.

We aren't Europeans, nor orangutans, nor savages. We can't merely adopt their behavior and expect it to work in our national civilization. We've got our entire upbringing, education and conditioning working against it. Many people have enough trouble adjusting to normal sex as a result of that conditioning without complicating it by what all of us believe to be unnatural.

American women who have tried it have for the most part suffered such pangs of guilt and fear as to permanently damage all hope of normal sexual responsiveness. Many, whom psychiatry has found to be only slightly slanted toward lesbianism, have gone whole hog into the halfworld of abnormal behavior.

Indications that lesbianism might be helpful are not definite proof. Nor are the statistics. True scientific proof can come only after long and arduous experimentation under tightly controlled conditions. None of the tests thus far conducted have met those scientific specifications.

Besides all of this, we cannot ignore the many cases recorded by science and medicine that point to contrary conclusions. Most modern medical opinion does NOT agree that lesbianism is helpful in cases of frigidity or anything else. It is believed today by almost all doctors in the United States that lesbianism is a true abnormality; that it must be fought on each and every level of society, and those who are infected with it, require treatment the same as any patient with some kind of disease.

Nor does any American religious organization tolerate lesbianism. To all religions it is a total moral evil

and must be destroyed wherever it shows itself.

The only fair conclusion that can be reached is that frigidity is a complex thing. Its roots are deep. Certainly the tendency toward lesbianism is one of its causes, perhaps even a major cause. Possibly in some instances, controlled lesbianism has been helpful in others it has been harmful. We want to, we need to learn a great deal more about the subject. After all, any knowledge is worth while and knowledge that can help women to reach a better and more satisfying life is worth almost any price we may have to pay for it.

We have only tried to bring out some hitherto unpublicized facts. Possibly they may have been of some interest to you. We certainly hope that they have given you some deeper insight into the problem. Frigidity is not hopeless. That much is definite. But the final answer is still in the future. Let's hope we don't have to long to wait. *

ONLY THE GREEKS

(Continued from page 20)

The Spartans, of whom the Spartans are the best known; the Ionians—namely Athens and that bunch—and a third group from up north, the Boeotians, whom you might as well forget since they don't come into the story at all.

Back a long time ago, the Athenians and the Spartans had a war. Since it was fought entirely in Ionia, and among the Aegean Sea islands still even off in Sicily, naturally it was called the Peloponnesian War. Anyway, it was a rough fight. It lasted so many years that practically everyone who started it was dead long before it ended. Sparta won. They killed Athens' babies.

But that wasn't too surprising. After all, the Spartans were first class fighting men. They liked to fight. They were brought up to fight. In fact, from the moment they were old enough to walk, they were placed in a military school and taught fighting—and were trained to endure every conceivable type of hardship. To this day, the rugged kind of life is still called "Spartan." It had always been that way. They liked it.

Still, that kind of society hardly made for what we moderns would call a happy home life. Mama was lucky if the new Papa stuck more than one month. Considering the capacity of Greeks for loving, this made it tough on the populace. But as I've said, the harder things were to bear, the better the Spartans liked it. They were gluttons for punishment.

But seriously, by the time the big war was over, things were in a bad way, at least in so far as Sparta was concerned. For thirty years or more, the men had been off, fighting. And since there were far fewer Spartans than Athenians, practically every able

Otto pulled the wounded man behind his car, at the same time firing at the truck with his pistol. His two men left the park bench and dashed over to join him. But the Hungarian loiterers in the garden leaped into the truck as reinforcements. The machine gun continued to spit viciously at the car where Skorzeny and his aids were crouching.

It was pistols against a machine gun. Otto drew a whistle and blew three loud blasts. His reserve force came pounding out of the side street. Now that they were outnumbered, the Hungarians in the truck jumped out and made a dash, not for the office building where the meeting was going on, but for the building next door.

Watching them go, Skorzeny saw that the place was crammed with Hungarians, Horthy's guards. Otto and his men, grinning at the magnitude of the Magyar mistake, dashed for the office building, at the same time hurling grenades at the guardroom door. The blasts not only mowed down a few soldiers, but they also tore down marble slabs, that crashed to the ground, blocking the Hungarian reserves. Even if they wanted to, the younger Horthy's guards couldn't get out.

Inside the doorway of the office building, Otto met the rest of his men—the agents who had been posted in the rented offices on the top floor. While the fight had been going on outside, they had been busy. Now they held a squirming, cursing prisoner, young Horthy himself. Grinning happily, Otto grabbed up a Persian rug from the floor and a curtain rope from a window, and made a neat if restless bundle of the Hungarian "crown prince." Within minutes the captive was handed out a side entrance, tossed into the body of a truck and toted off to the airport like a piece of baggage. A few hours later he was in Germany.

The bold success almost led to disaster. Admiral Horthy, furious at the Germans for kidnapping of his son, immediately announced an armistice with the Russians. But he did it so hastily, however, that in spite of the move the Germans had a brief breathing spell. The Hungarian troops, struggling in the mountains did not accept a radio speech, even one by the ruler, as "orders." They went right on fighting.

Skorzeny decided that the only thing left to do, was to make a direct and immediate attack on Castle Hill. Assault in force was impossible. Airborne troops could be landed in only one spot, a narrow area between strongpoints where they would be surrounded by machine guns and probably mowed down even before they could assemble. To think of taking the solid walls of the old fortress by battering them with troops and guns was equally insane. It would not only be expensive, but it

would start Germans and Hungarians fighting one another. Skorzeny persuaded the local Germans to go along with a more tricky scheme of deception.

During the afternoon and evening, as soon as the radio armistice had been declared, he began moving forces openly, but at a leisurely pace, up to the fortress walls. It was ridiculous on the face of it; the German troops were vastly outnumbered by the Hungarian defenders, and if the Nazis were thinking of a prolonged siege, it was obvious that they could never maintain it.

The Hungarians and Germans were still supposedly friends, and at midnight messenger from Hungarian headquarters on Castle Hill came down to complain about these hostile, though weak, military gestures. Skorzeny greeted him warmly. "Of course we're still friends!" Otto boomed amiably. "But why is the German Embassy, up on Castle Hill, surrounded by a tight cordon of guns and men. Our people up there are being held virtually as prisoners. Why even the road down from the Hill that they would ordinarily use is sown with mines and blocked with barricades?"

"I demand," said Skorzeny, "in the name of German dignity, that correct diplomatic courtesy be carried out, and that the road up the Hill to the Embassy be opened at once."

A red-faced Hungarian messenger went back to headquarters—and Skorzeny crossed his fingers, hoping he had made the indignation pitch strong enough.

All that night Skorzeny held his men in check. Then, just before dawn, he moved them into final assault position close to the Castle walls. However he issued strict orders. "Safety catches on! No one is to fire, no matter what happens, unless ordered to do so by an officer!"

Quietly, as dawn broke over Budapest, the convoy got under way. Pitifully thin, led by four Panzer tanks, some dwarf tanks, and the rest, a group of helplessly defenseless open personnel carriers, the column gave the appearance of a brief parade rather than an attacking force. As a threat against the impregnable wall of Castle Hill it was a joke.

But that was exactly Skorzeny's idea. He gave the order to advance, and the column moved out. It was a ridiculously tiny party, without scouts, or heavy weapons, or a single covering plane. It was obviously merely a routine convoy going up the Hill on business, to call on the German Embassy.

If the road was open, that is.

As the panzars rumbled close to the gate, Skorzeny sturdy in his command car, dressed in full uniform, held his breath. If the mines were still in place, it would soon be



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all over. But they weren't. The convoy reached the first gate.

Miraculously, the gate was open. The Hungarian guards manning the barrier looked worried, but they made no move as the German vehicles rolled up and through. They had no orders to keep Germans from their Embassy. Skorzeny waved cheerfully as his car slid through the narrow opening, followed by the four Panthers, the dwarf tanks, and the personnel trucks.

On the convoy rode, clanking up the hill with noisy carelessness. In the turret of each Panzer stood its commander, resplendent in dress uniform, saluting stiffly, with fine military correctness, every time they passed a Hungarian officer or guard post. The second gate was passed. Why not? If the guards at the first gate had followed the convoy through, those on the second certainly were safe in doing the same thing. Skorzeny smiled and waved cheerfully at the staring defenders.

They passed sandbag emplacements. They passed rows of machine guns. Without a backward glance, the little force offered a helpless target to the Hungarians. That is, if the Magyars wanted to start shooting. But they didn't. The very fact that they could have wiped out the Nazis so easily, persuaded the Hungarians that the Germans meant no harm. The convoy reached the top of the hill. The tanks and vehicles roared past the German Embassy, picking up speed, past the Hungarian Ministry of War, into the open square in front of the Castle.

Three tanks were ranged in front of the final gate, but their guns were aimed at the sky. Moving at top speed now, Skorzeny abruptly halted in time-wasting courtesies. He waved the first Panzer past his car. It crashed into the gate, and broke through leaving a gaping hole. Skorzeny, followed by eight of his men, dashed through the hole.

The Hungarians jumped to the defense of their citadel. A colonel of the guard leaped up in front of Otto, pistol in hand. The German just beat him. Skorzeny slapped the gun out of the man's hand. Another Hungarian officer appeared. Otto barked at him: "Quick! I have to see your commandant at once. Where is he? Please hurry!"

Bewildered by the confident tone of this demand, the officer turned and led the way. He was no politician. If the Germans were being allowed into the Castle itself now, who was he to argue about it?

The Hungarian general, without warning, was suddenly faced by a huge, boldly self-confident officer of the German Reich, with a pistol conspicuous in his hand, demanding his surrender. Castle Hill, said the intruder, was in German hands. There was still some useless resistance going on, but it was suicidal; the general must order a cease-fire at once. Hungarians and Germans were old

friends, they should not be shooting at each other.

As if on cue, Skorzeny's aids now began appearing at the door to report. The courtyard was secured. So was the main entrance. So were the halls of the Castle. Skorzeny looked at the Hungarian general. The man shrugged, so be it, let the troops cease firing.

Smiling smoothly, Skorzeny grasped the general's hand in a burst of enthusiasm, and congratulated him warmly on preventing needless bloodshed. He asked that the officers of the castle be called together and when this was done, Otto gave them a little speech on the beauty in brotherly understanding. His suddenly broadened Austrian accent made the idea of brotherhood more apparent, for not so long ago Austria and Hungary were partners in a great empire. In fact, wasn't Horthy himself the regent for the exiled emperor? Within a matter of hours, Skorzeny had not only the castle at his command, but the friendship of the Hungarian army as well. The two nations were once again solidified in the face of the common enemy, the Russians.

He didn't have Admiral Horthy, however. That old gentleman had preferred to slip out of the Castle and surrender himself to a German general whom he thought might be more understanding. But it didn't matter. A new group of Hungarians, partial to the Germans, had taken over the government. The armistice was canceled, and the German and Hungarian troops in the mountains, who had never stopped fighting the Russians anyway, were now able to continue the battle side by side, to the bitter end.

Skorzeny, as constable of Castle Hill, moved into the Admiral's former quarters and for a few days enjoyed the sumptuous furnishings of the apartment and the fine old wines of the Admiral's cellar. Then he had the fun of escorting Horthy back to Germany.

But being temporary ruler of a great nation was nothing new to Skorzeny. Earlier that year, in July, 1944, Otto Skorzeny was for almost two days in supreme command of the whole German war effort.

On July 20, 1944, a bomb exploded within a few feet of Hitler. It was the big attempt of the old line Junker High Command to rid itself, once and for all, of the insane ex-corporal Skorzeny, now a member of Nazi dom's inner circle, found it hard to believe that German officers could betray their trust in the midst of a war by attacking Germany's inspired Fuehrer. But, unlike the rest of the clique, Skorzeny decided to investigate the rumors by going straight to the War Office, where the revolt was said to have started.

Otto arrived just in time to General Fromm, head of the Army Staff, quietly climbed into his car and order himself driven home.

Primos had carefully waited until the result was obviously a failure. Then he had shot a few subordinate officers who were involved in it, and now was taking off before someone got the idea of shooting him.

When Skorzeny walked into the War Office, the place was a madhouse. No one knew what had happened, what to do or what was going to happen next. The corpses of executed officers, lying untouched here and there about the building, had most of the government staff hysterical with fear.

So Skorzeny took over. For two days he issued orders directed the bureaucracy back onto its accustomed tracks, signed troop movements, cleared shipments of guns, ammunition and other supplies, passed on production schedules and in fact directed the whole war effort of the dying German nation. On July 22, after thirty-six hours without rest, he was finally relieved by Heinrich Hammerle himself. Hitler would not trust anyone else to take over the command of the War Office.

Strange as Skorzeny's adventures were as the one and only commando leader on the German side during the last ditch defense of Europe, his oddly frustrated efforts to surrender himself to the Allies after the final defeat of the Nazis were even stranger.

In May, 1945, the war was over. Skorzeny was in the German Alps, where he had been busy carrying out his last assignment from Hitler—the setting up of an Alpine Redoubt, from behind which Adolf and his remaining Supermen would continue to defy the world. But Hitler was dead. Alone with a few aides in the mountains, Otto heard the news that the war was over and also that the Americans were combing the country-side looking for him.

"Wanted posters calling for the arrest of the 'most dangerous man in Europe' were flooding Germany and France. Dozens of harmless German officers and men were being locked up, merely on the chance that they might be Skorzeny in disguise. Otto wrote three letters to American headquarters, asking where they wanted him to appear. He got no answer. Apparently the letters were taken for another of the proverbial tricks.

Tired of hearing Luxembourg Radio and the newspapers repeat over and over again, "The most diabolically clever man in Germany is still free," Skorzeny and three of his officers dressed up in their sharpest uniforms and made their way down out of the mountains.

They showed up at an American depot. The sergeant in charge, a busy man, had never heard of Otto Skorzeny. He shook his head wearily. "Can't take the time to book any prisoners, fellows. I'll give you a jeep, though. Go on into Salzburg and let Divisional HQ take care of you, will you?"

The driver of the jeep, however, had heard of the famous commando. A Texan, he drawled laconically: "Shoo away eh?" I guess they'll be hanging you by tonight. He stopped at a tavern and bought his distinguished Nazi passengers a bottle of wine, out of sympathy.

Then the Texan, still casual as ever, drove them up to a hotel in Salzburg occupied by American troops, dumped them out on the sidewalk, with their guns still in their holsters, waved in farewell, and drove off.

In the hotel a busy major sent them to another HQ still with their pistols at their sides to pick up "orders." Then the orders had to be signed at still another place, this time outside the city of Salzburg.

There, somebody suddenly caught on. This was Skorzeny, "the most dangerous man, etc., etc." He was politely ushered into a room and

sold to sit down for questioning. The moment his big frame was comfortably settled in a chair, the doors and all the windows of the room were flung open and the snout of a machine gun was pushed through each one. Skorzeny was at last completely surrounded.

Quickly he was disarmed, searched to the skin, and bundled into a jeep with three men to guard him. One of the guards kept an automatic pressed to Skorzeny's heart every inch of the way back to Salzburg.

They arrived at night. His arms tied behind his back, Skorzeny was hustled into a big house blazing with lights to be questioned by a mob of officers and war correspondents, male and female. The females wrote shuddering stories about the Nazi gangster who had terrorized the Western Allies and threatened Eisenhower's life. Then "the most dangerous man in Europe" was taken to jail.

For four days and three nights terror and sudden death had taken control of New York City. The newspapers of the time reported such events as the lynching of one Negro and the murder of Colonel O'Brien, leader of one of the special volunteer groups. O'Brien had been beaten and tortured and left to die in the hot July sun. From time to time rocks would be hurled at his dying body, and at the very end a group of women fiends came who first hacked his body with knives, then crushed it with stones.

But from the private diaries and journals of witnesses who lived through this reign of terror, one can get a clearer picture of what went on. According to these reports, no woman was safe on the streets during the rioting and even the locked doors of their homes were no protection. Using the mob violence as a cover-up, the sex fiends had a field day. At a time when no attention was paid to wholesale murder and when dead bodies in the street were a common sight—it is no wonder that hundreds of rapes went unnoticed in the dark rooms of looted homes.

The first homes to be looted were those of the wealthy. After beating any men who were present and leaving them to the tender mercies of the female members of the mob, who often tortured and mutilated them, they would occupy themselves with the women. Often mothers and daughters were attacked at the same time—right in their own bedroo—. Sometimes such attacks developed into full scale orgies that lasted until morning, leaving wine cellars ransacked and wardrobes looted. By then the rioters would be dead drunk, with the women sprawling in stolen finery and the men snoring with bottles clutched in their hands. And too often the owners of the house would be dead or unconscious.

One woman and her fifteen-year-old daughter who miraculously survived such a night of terror—the man of the house lay dead in the parlor downstairs—came to in the early hours of the morning to find seven men and three women rioters lying in a drunken stupor all over the upper rooms of the house. Without bothering to cover the nakedness of their own bruised bodies, they staggered among the sleeping figures and managed to drag every one of

DAY OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 12)

After this victory, all the remaining weapons were taken to police headquarters under a heavy guard. The Metropolitan alone, by their bravery and skill at hand-to-hand combat had saved New York—the second time from the bloodthirsty gang who planned its complete destruction. This and the battle for the armor, were the turning points that prevented utter disaster for the U.S.

OPEN STREET warfare was carried on along Ninh Avenue and elsewhere, with the rioters throwing up barricades of timbers, rails and overturned wagons and horse cars. Whole blocks of stores were burned and their valuable contents looted. Hundreds of residences were broken into and pilfered. The Colored Orphan Asylum at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street was burned and looted, while its two hundred inmates barely managed to escape. The office of The Tribune, Horace Greeley's newspaper, was attacked, and finally—tattoo guns were set up in the windows and a howitzer in the doorway for protection. The property damage was never fully determined, but it ran into the tens of millions of dollars. The number of deaths was estimated at anywhere from 1,300 to 2,000, and most of the casualties were suffered by gang members. No exact figures can be given because hundreds of bodies were taken away at night and buried in the basements and underground passages of the Five Points tenements.

The police, with the aid of citizen volunteers and the few troops that were available, held off the rioters wherever they could during the first two days and a half. Then a detachment of the 12th Regulars arrived under Captain Putnam. During that night and throughout the next day, several regiments of the New York Militia returned from Pennsylvania, as well as some made up of veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Gradually, the violence began to die down except near the tenement strongholds of the gang—and by Thursday night—except for isolated outbreaks—the rioting came to a stop.

them to a third floor window from where they plunged them into the street. Then for the next day and night they hid in the cellar of their ruined home while shouting rioters looked for them everywhere.

These were the horrors that began on Monday, July 13, 1863—a day of infamy in the history of New York City. The fact that the riots weren't even worse was due to the bravery of the Metropolitan Police. New York's finest had seen their finest hour.

IN LOVE WITH SNAKES

(Continued from page 29)

tube. She stayed inside the cage for five—maybe six—minutes, just stroking it and even patting its ugly flat head. Then she wanted to go back to the house—fast.

She came out of the cage and grabbed me, putting a few million volts into the kiss she gave me, digging her long fingernails into my shoulder.

"Quick, Frank—let's go," she rasped hoarsely.

I slammed the door to the cage. Maybe I fastened it, maybe I didn't—but I was in no condition to be certain of anything, except that I wanted to get back into the house with the dame.

It was dawn when we both calmed down. Jinx decided it would be a good idea if I took her home. She had to be at work later in the morning and wanted to change her clothes.

"Okay," I grunted, pulling on my shoes. "I'll get the car . . ."

I went out back and saw that the floodlights were still burning. Dimly, I remembered the incident at the python cage. On a hunch, I decided to check the cage before getting the Olds out of the garage.

The cage was empty!

I searched the grounds frantically. There wasn't a sign of the snake. I could follow its trail to the road which ran in front of the house, but there, it ended.

There was nothing left but to telephone the police. I figured that a couple of patrol cars would be sent out and that the cops would quickly find the snake. I got a hell-ova lot more than I had bargained for . . .

The local radio station picked up the story and put it on the air. Reaction was swift. There was actual danger, sure—but the announcer built it up way out of proportion. And, to make matters worse, the people listening were suddenly gripped by hysterical fear.

Police and sheriff's office switchboards were jammed with calls from every corner of the county! The python had been "seen" here, there, everywhere.

It was useless for me to protest that it couldn't have reached Hy-

atsville—a town 23 miles from my place—in the time since I last saw it. People wouldn't believe me. They were frightened and could only imagine the worst.

THE POLICE HAD TO check every report—if for no other reason than to calm the citizens who telephoned. As the hours passed, the terror mounted. By that time, I was already at the sheriff's office—and the deputies were rushing in and out, following up leads and tips that poured into their alarm central.

"Once we locate the monster, you'll have to take over, Frank," Sheriff Leahy told me. "You know more about these damn things than we do . . ."

That was fair enough, but as the morning wore on—and became afternoon—the serpent had not yet been "located." Press and radio were having a field day. There hadn't been anything like this in Fairfield County since the 1957 flood! It was a "big" story and it had all the elements. The radio stations broadcast "bulletins" every 15 minutes, describing the progress of the search. Everybody began to climb aboard the bandwagon.

A couple of small-time county politicians grabbed off headlines by calling upon the governor to mobilize the National Guard.

"Every citizen of Fairfield County is a potential victim of the monster now loose in its streets!" they charged dramatically. "No one knows who will be the first to be crushed to death in the python's coils!"

Special correspondents and radio and TV men came down from the State capital. They roved through the county interviewing people, building up the "terror loose in Fairfield County . . ." theme.

The hysteria reached fever-pitch after nightfall. There is always added fear after dark—fear of the unknown, fear that hideous things lurk and wait in the shadows.

"No report of anything definite yet," Sheriff Leahy told the reporters who clamored for news shortly before midnight. "Every available man is out looking. We've formed volunteer patrols and posses, but the important thing for the people is that they remain calm. Panic can be more dangerous than the python . . ."

His words were prophetic. One terrified householder saw a movement in his garden—and let loose with both barrels of a 12-gauge shotgun. He wounded his own wife—who was out in the yard taking in some clothes she'd forgotten on the drying-line!

A man suffered a heart attack when he thought he saw the snake on the sidewalk in front of his home. Two little boys played a "joke" on an old lady, dumping a piece of old firehouse on her porch. She had to be taken to the hospital,

suffering from nervous collapse . . .

So it went. I didn't have to be told that everyone in Fairfield County held me to blame. The people wanted the snake captured—and, barring that, they wanted my hide!

It was 3:00 A.M. when the payoff finally came. There was no question about it this time. The python had been spotted—at a cross-roads gas station and all-night beanyer about two miles from my place. The report came from two policemen already on the scene.

"Come on," Sheriff Leahy yelled at me. "Let's go!"

I would need only a rope and a net to capture the snake—and I had brought both with me. The items were in a prowler car parked outside.

We got into the car and took off, siren wide open. The radio was on and we listened to the calls. They were routine for the first few minutes—and then . . .

"Good God!" came the voice from the speaker. The policeman at the gas station wasn't following official procedures—there was horror in his tone.

"One—one of the waitresses in the cafe went out to see the snake," he stammered over the police radio net. She slipped past us somehow—now the snake's got her!"

We still had four miles to go. The sheriff urged the driver to pour it on. The car's speed increased. We were doing 70—then 80—90 . . .

We hit the ground running before the squad car had even screeched to a final halt. I had rope and net ready, while the sheriff had his revolver in his fist.

The python was behind the cafe. We ran to where a knot of people had gathered. Some of them were beating at the snake with clubs and rocks—others stood and watched, horrified.

A YOUNG GIRL, her clothing torn from her body, lay in the python's coils. I had arrived with little if any time to spare. The snake hadn't yet begun to tighten its muscles—in that remorseless grip that spells the end for whatever it holds. Nonetheless, the shrieking girl—who struggled and thrashed—was held fast. Her normally pretty face was contorted. Her dress had been peeled from her body by her struggles and she had vomited in fear. "Get away—all of you!" I shouted. The people around the python drew back instantly.

I went for the snake's head. I thrust my fingers into its eyes and gouged at them. It distracted the monster and the coils loosened a bit. The mouth opened and un-hinged. A python is not poisonous, but its fangs are razor-sharp. It moved fast and caught my arm!

I felt the fangs rip into my flesh, tearing and raking my arm. Blood spurted. Its smell and taste drove the python wild. It relaxed its hold on the girl, who dragged herself

free. Then the snake caught me! It threw one coil over me—then another.

My lacerated arm blazed with pain. The fangs had snagged in the flesh. Set in the snake's mouth at a reverse angle, they held me fast. If I tried to jerk my arm free, I would shred the flesh from the bone!

Another coil looped around me. The great muscles tightened. Blood pumped and poured from my arm. I was weakening.

"Try and shoot it in the head!" I screamed to Pat Leahy. "Shove the muzzle against the skull . . ."

The sheriff didn't hesitate. He sprang forward, his gun ready. He took a big chance—at my expense! The heavy-caliber bullets would go through the head and probably rip into my arm inside the snake's mouth.

I braced myself. But Leahy thrust the muzzle into the brute's mouth, ramming the barrel past my arm. He fired—once. The muzzle blast seared my flesh and the snake gave a great spasmodic twist. I felt a rib crack.

Twice—three times—Leahy pulled the trigger.

As the muscles of the giant python relaxed, I passed out.

I came to in the hospital, with my arm bandaged from wrist to elbow. For a week or so, they thought it would have to be amputated, so badly were flesh and tendons mangled. Three ribs were smashed.

It was not the end of the story. By the time everyone who'd been affected by the python hunt—and the waitress who'd been caught in its coils—got through filing law suits, I was flat broke. I had to sell everything I owned to pay the claims, then file bankruptcy.

I don't even live in Fairfield County any more. I talked things over with Sheriff Leahy and others—and came to the conclusion it would be better if I packed up and went elsewhere.

I'm living in St. Louis now—managing a large pet shop. I still know my business when it comes to animals—but I'm keeping away from anything that can do more damage than a house-cat.

Oh, yeah. One more thing—Jinny, the dame I had with me the night the python got loose. No. I haven't seen her since, but I did hear that she went to see Pat Leahy while I was in the hospital. She asked him if she could have the python's skin!

Pat Leahy was still a friend of mine. He threw her out of his office.

STAG SHOWS

(Continued from page 21)

Today, the typical road company consists of two couples, usually, for the sake of the Mann Act, married, and for the same reason, traveling

separately—that is in two cars. The average tour consists, on an average of a month to six weeks on the move, and covers approximately ten to a dozen towns with a total driving range of about 2,000 miles. Stops are made for anywhere from one to three nights, depending on local conditions and what the traffic will bear.

Arrangements are usually well planned, ahead of time. The old, tried and true stag show circuit of a dozen years back has provided many of the girls with such a large variety of contacts, that bookings can be made on a fairly stable basis, with sufficient word-of-mouth advertising and publicity to guarantee full houses for the entire stay. Where larger groups of performers are required, local talent can be counted on to fill out any desired combination. And it might as well be said that this extra acting personnel is just as likely to be amateur as professional. Everybody, it seems, wants to get into the act.

The female members of the tour, are of course, invariably former, practicing prostitutes. The males, as might be expected, are young, heavily endowed with good health and the constitutions of stud horses. They have to be. By and large, the girls, as the more experienced members of the company are in complete control. They make the bookings, they handle the business arrangements, and usually the money as well. Nor is it too surprising to discover that their male partners don't last too long, sometimes even being replaced right in the middle of the tour.

A typical show plays before an average audience of about fifty, almost equally divided between men and women. In fact, about three-quarters of the audience is made up of married couples. As to the rest, it's evidently the feeling in certain areas of our society, that a sex circus is an admirable thing to take in on a date! Prices run from five to ten dollars per person.

Special shows are given on demand. These cost more, twenty to fifty apiece being the going rate. On these occasions, any combination of male and/or female are produced. But, surprisingly, reports indicate that the demand for all-girl performances predominate by about three to one. A show of this sort, of particular interest, was sponsored by a midwestern women's garden club. Here, the two professional members of the touring troupe were joined by the entire company of club officers to the wild cheers of the general membership. Ah, Mary—what does YOUR garden grow?

NATURALLY ENOUGH, some individual members of these traveling troupes run out of luck on occasion. These are the times when they not only willingly submit

to interviews, but are quite content to have themselves quoted. After all, they can't be much worse off than in jail.

Sally O'H. . . for example, presently an unwilling guest of one of our southwestern states is quite philosophic about the entire business. "What the Hell," she said, "I needed a rest anyway."

But on the more serious side of her profession she was quite explicit and insisted over and over again that what she was doing made good sense.

"Look," she explained, "I'm thirty-four years old. I've been on the turf, off and on, since I was fifteen. I'm not kidding myself, I'm coming to the end of the line. Look at me, look real close. I don't seem thirty-four, do I. It's more like fifty-four."

"So what have I got to look forward to. Walking the street, that's what, and lucky to find a John willing to toss me a buck—and more than likely getting beat up into the bargain. I know the score. I'm no dope. I went to high school. I would have graduated, too, if I hadn't taken my first fall. Thirty lousy days and they tossed me out. Bad moral influence they said. Oh well, that's long gone now."

"But up on the stage I don't look so bad. Makeup you know, and the Johns don't get that close. And it's easier work too. Two, three, half a dozen turns a night at the most, instead of troupin' up and down stairs forty to fifty times between nine o'clock and morning. The pay's better, too. Besides, I'm my own boss now. I collect it and I keep it, minus the payoffs."

"One of my ex-sisters-in-law, you understand, we worked for the same louse, is doing the same thing I am, except she's working in a house. Her pay-off peanuts. The man takes it all and gives her just enough for a pint and carfare. She puts in ~~ten~~ days in the house and then moves to a new location. All the spare time she gets is what she can collect in the car driving from her old house to the new one, that is if the man isn't taking some for free when she should be resting."

"Me, it's thirty days on and thirty off, and easy going the whole way through. And I'm saving money too. I get eighteen grand stashed away in the bank right now. A couple more years and I'll be able to buy into a house of my own. Then I'll be able to retire from the business and let other dolls work for me. That's the way to live."

"Sure they preach at you sometimes when you're inside and keep urging you to reform. But you got to understand that that's their job. They get paid for it. They make their loot making speeches just like I do in my profession. Actually, ~~there~~ was enough money in it. I'd

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make speeches too. Maybe it's OK for them, but it's not for me. Anyway, if we all did reform, who'd make speeches to. Without us to preach at, the preachers would all be starving. So it really works both ways. We're all in the same boat, so to speak.

"Now you wanted to know about the clients, the folks who come to see the shows. Well, it's not easy to say. You get a different outlook up there on the stage then when you're on the turf. Then I used to hate them—really hate them, every last one. But now I'm not so sure. They're really just folks—plain ordinary folks. So they like to watch, how do you writers put it—guys and dolls being intimate, isn't it. You can print that. There's nothing wrong with that word, is there? Anyway, what's wrong with being curious? It's natural. Everybody likes to see how it looks. And they're all wanting to look at things they only read about or imagined before, things their own husbands and wives, or fellows or girl friends would never dream of doing. So we show 'em how it is. And they pay for it. It's actually a service to humanity, isn't it?

"And a lot of it's almost legal. For instance, when they pulled me in this time, I was married to the guy. They put me in jail for loving my own husband. That's a laugh. If we were at home and left the window-shade up and the whole neighborhood got a free show, nobody could make a squawk. But because we charge admission, make the folks pay for their entertainment, they charge us with lewd and disorderly, give him thirty days, and me, cause I got a record, they hook for six months. What kind of deal is that?

"Some towns aren't half bad, though. Lot's of times the sheriff and the mayor and the whole town council comes to the show. A little moola passes around and everybody's happy. I remember one burg I worked, the mayor even brought his wife along. She applauded and cheered right with the paying customers.

"Don't sell women short. Men think they haven't got feelings, but I can tell you that they go for our kind of performing as much as any man—some of them more so. Sure we play a lot of stage, but there's many a time we played to mixed audiences, some of them with even more women than men.

"We had two couples in our act, me and my guy; and a friend of mine with her husband. It's safer being married. It's not love or anything, it's just good sense. County cops and the state police are bad enough without looking for a fall with Uncle. We had a regular routine, six acts to a show. Nothing startling. A few regular things, some combos and we'd finish up with a

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grand finale with all of us. That's when we'd invite volunteers to join in and you'd be surprised how often they did. Once the whole damned audience, every man and woman of them piled up on the stage. That WAS a wild one. But we managed. We left them cheering. What more can any audience ask?"

I've tried to give you Sally's story complete-word for word as far as I could. It's typical of the outlook and attitude of hundreds of girls now taking part in similar acts and performances from coast to coast. A few details may differ, for after all, no two girls have the same background or personality, but the general picture is true.

Officials in the state where Sally was serving her time generally admitted that everything she claimed was absolutely true. Off the record, they admitted too, that he claims of payoffs, graft and local corruption were probably factual. One said that he knew, although he couldn't prove it, that certain small cities actually encourage the circuses to visit their communities. And it was reluctantly conceded that throughout that section of the country, there was a solid, influential, well-to-do group, that found the traveling sex circus to be just the kind of kick they were looking for. To that portion of the population, there is nothing wrong with the entire idea.

"The problem," one prosecutor stated, "is that America is legally and culturally a Puritan nation. But actually, the people of America are anything but Puritan. They've got the heritage and the tradition, but everyone feels more uncomfortable living up to their self-set standards than they'll admit. The proof of it is that not only do most people support prostitution—they do know by patronizing the women to the estimate of thirty million visits a year—but that shows like this continue year after year drawing capacity audiences wherever they play. Arrests come from regular police work—almost never as a result of tips from some member of the public. Why I can give you cases of prostitutes in this very city, living and working in a crowded apartment house for years, with never a complaint from her neighbors—all good, substantial, honest citizens. From the legal aspect, it's heart-breaking. If the people don't want us to enforce the laws, why do they insist on keeping them on the books. For whenever anybody publicly comes out to repeal them, there's such a hue and cry you'd suspect there was a viper in their midst. Human nature—who knows. Anyway, I enforce the law as it's written. I'm not interested in social reasoning."

If anything is even more astounding than the widespread section of the population that attends the

circuses, it's the number of people who come back to see the shows again and again. After all, how often can you see anything new. For the most part, when you've been to one, that's it. There's just so much that's possible. But the audience not only revels in the acts, but often insists on seeing one or more reels of movie film as an encore—and then comes back the next night or the next week to see another show, featuring just about the very same things. It's like kids and cowboys. Either they get a special thrill out of watching, or they're just plain gluttons for punishment.

But the average audience rarely tends to self-analysis. "Why do I like it?" answered one man. "What do you mean why. I just do, that's all. It gives me a kick. When I get home, I'm just like a kid again. It's great. Now mind you, not that I don't think youngsters ought to be kept away from this sort of thing, but for regular folks, who are mature and married, what's wrong with it? Besides, everybody goes to the shows, so why shouldn't I?"

And a woman viewer said, "Sure, the first time I saw it, I was shocked. It seemed awful, terrible. I almost felt sick. But in spite of all that, it did things to me. It made me behave in ways I'd never even thought of before. That part was good. So I went again. And I wasn't shocked the second time. I knew what was coming. It was terrific. I'm going to see every show I can, from now on. I'm not going to be bashful about what I like. This is for me, that's all."

Granted that these statements don't seem to add up to very much. It is still a fact that by now more than ten million Americans a year are willing to part with their hard-earned cash—not only willing but eager—for the sake of supporting groups who will perform in sex circuses. There is nothing sectional, or racial about these people; they come from everywhere in the country, from every income and social level. They are typical in every sense of the word.

To date, the circus industry is not large, not when compared to other sections of organized vice. But it's growing and growing rapidly. It has been estimated that both in numbers of performers and audiences, it has more than doubled in the last two years. It's expected that it will treble again in the next two. At that rate, it may well be a billion dollar business by 1970.

Like 'em or not, the sex circus seems with us to stay. And if the average American is to be believed—when questioned in private—he like's 'em. What that means, we'll leave to the sociologists. As far as the rest of us are concerned, all the can be said is, there it is. You decide."

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Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs equal to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

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